

RAINBOW'S END *A Novel*

By REX BEACH Author of "The Iron Trail," "The Spoilers," "Heart of the Sunset," Etc.

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ROSA AND HER COMPANIONS, FACING STARVATION, ARE FORCED TO LEAVE THEIR HIDING PLACES

Synopsis.—Don Esteban Varona, rich Cuban planter, hides his money and jewels and the secret of the hiding place is lost when he and the only other person who knows it are killed. Donna Isabel, step-mother of the Varona twins—Esteban and Rosa—searches vainly for years for the hidden treasure. Johnny O'Reilly, an American, loves and is loved by Rosa. Donna Isabel falls to her death in an old well while walking in her sleep. Esteban's connection with the Cuban Insurrectos is discovered and he and Rosa are forced to flee. O'Reilly, in New York on business, gets a letter from Rosa telling of her peril and he starts for Cuba. Pancho Cueto, faithless manager of the Varona estates, betrays Esteban and Rosa, leading Colonel Cobo, notorious Spanish guerrilla, to their hiding place. Esteban, who is absent, returns just in time to rescue Rosa. O'Reilly's efforts to reach Rosa are fruitless and he is compelled by the Spanish authorities to leave Cuba. Esteban wreaks a terrible vengeance on Pancho Cueto. A fierce fight with Spanish soldiers ensues. Esteban escapes, but, badly wounded and half-conscious, he is unable to find his way back to his camp.

CHAPTER XI—Continued.

But the time came when he could walk no farther. He tried repeatedly and failed, and meanwhile the earth spun even more rapidly, threatening to whirl him off into space. It was a terrible sensation; he lay down and hugged the ground, clinging to roots and sobbing weakly. Rosa, he knew, was just around the next bend in the trail; he called to her, but she did not answer, and he dared not attempt to creep forward because his grip was failing. He could feel his fingers slipping—slipping. His last thought, as he went whirling end over end through space, was of his sister. She would never know how hard he had tried to reach her.

Late on the second day after the battle Asensio returned to his bohio. Rosa and Evangelina, already frantic at the delay, heard him crying to them while he was still hidden in the woods, and knew that the worst had happened. There was little need for him to tell his story, for he was weak, stained, and bloody. He had crossed the hills on foot after a miraculous escape from that ravine of death. Of his companions he knew nothing whatever; the mention of Esteban's name caused him to beat his breast and cry aloud. He was weak and feverish, and his incoherent story of the midnight encounter was so highly colored that Rosa nearly swooned with horror.

The girl stood awailing while he told how the night had betrayed them, how he had wrought incredible feats of valor before the shifting tide of battle had spewed him out the end of the sunken road and left him half dead in the grass. Asensio had lain there until, finding himself growing stronger, he had burrowed into a tangle of vines at the foot of a wall, where he had remained until the fighting ceased. When the Spaniards had finally discovered their mistake and had ceased riding one another down, when lights came and he heard Colonel Cobo cursing them like one insane, he had wriggled away, crossed the calzada, and hidden in the woods until dawn. He had been walking ever since; he had come home to die.

Asensio recovered, but he was sadly changed. There was no longer any martial spirit in him; he feared the Spaniards, and tales of their atrocities cowed him.

Then Cobo came into the Yumuri. The valley, already well-nigh deserted, was filled to the brim with smoke from burning fields and houses, and through it the sun showed like a copper shield. Refugees passed the bohio, bound farther into the hills, and Asensio told the two women that he and they must also go. So the three gathered up what few things they could carry on their backs and fled.

They did not stop until they had gained the fastnesses of the Pan de Matanzas. Here they built a shelter and again took up the problem of living, which was now more difficult than ever.

The Pan de Matanzas, so called because of its resemblance to a mighty loaf of bread, became a mockery to the hungry people cowering in its shelter. Bread! Rosa Varona could not remember when she had last tasted such a luxury. Raw cane, coconuts, the tasteless fruita bomba, roots, the pith from palm tops, these were her articles of diet, and she did not thrive upon them. She was always more or less hungry. She was ragged, too, and she shivered miserably through the long, chill nights. Rosa could measure the change in her appearance only by studying her reflection from the surface of the spring where she drew water, but she could see that she had become very thin, and she judged that the color had entirely gone from her cheeks. It saddened her, for O'Reilly's sake.

Time came when Asensio spoke of giving up the struggle and going in. They were gradually starving, he said, and Rosa was ill; the risk of discovery was ever present. It was better to go while they had the strength than slowly but surely to perish here. He had heard that there were twenty thousand reconcentrados in Matanzas; in such a crowd they could easily manage to

hide themselves; they would at least be fed along with the others.

No one had told Asensio that the government was leaving its prisoners to shift for themselves, supplying them with not a pound of food nor a square inch of shelter.

Misery bred desperation at last; Evangelina's courage failed her, and she allowed herself to be won over. She began her preparations by disguising Rosa. Gathering herbs and berries, she made a stain with which she colored the girl's face and body, then she sewed a bundle of leaves into the back of Rosa's waist so that when the latter stooped her shoulders and walked with a stick her appearance of deformity was complete.

On the night before their departure Rosa Varona prayed long and earnestly, asking little for herself, but much for the two black people who had suffered so much for her. She prayed also that O'Reilly would come before it was too late.

CHAPTER XII.

A Woman With a Mission.

Within a few hours after O'Reilly's return to New York he telephoned to Felipe Alvarado, explaining briefly the disastrous failure of his Cuban trip.

"I feared as much," the doctor told him. "You were lucky to escape with your life."

"Well, I'm going back. Won't you intercede for me with the Junta? They're constantly sending parties."

"Um-m! not quite so often as that," Alvarado was silent for a moment; then he said: "Dine with me tonight and we'll talk it over. I'm eager for news of my brothers and—there is some one I wish you to meet. She is interested in our cause."

"She? A woman?"

"Yes, and an unusual woman. She has contributed liberally to our cause. I would like you to meet her."

"Very well; but I've only one suit of clothes, and it looks as if I'd slept in it."

"Oh, bother the clothes!" laughed the physician. "I've given most of my own to my destitute countrymen. Don't expect too much to eat, either; every extra dollar, you know, goes the same way as my extra trousers. It will be a sort of patriotic 'poverty party.' Come at seven, please."

That evening O'Reilly anticipated his dinner engagement by a few moments in order to have a word alone with Alvarado.

"This lady who is coming here tonight has influence with Enriquez," Alvarado told him. "You remember I told you that she has contributed liberally. She might help you."

O'Reilly had met women with ideals, with purposes, with avocations, and his opinion of them was low. Women who had "missions" were always tiresome, he had discovered. This one, it appeared, was unusual only in that she had adopted a particularly exacting form of charitable work. Nursing, even as a rich woman's diversion, must be anything but agreeable.

O'Reilly pictured this Evans person in his mind—a large, plain, elderly creature, obsessed with impractical ideas of uplifting the masses! She would undoubtedly bore him stiff with stories of her work; she would reproach him with neglect of his duties to the suffering. Johnnie was too poor to be charitable and too deeply engrossed at the moment with his own troubles to care anything whatever about the "masses." And she was a "miss."

That meant that she wore thick glasses and probably kept cats.

A ringing laugh from the cramped hallway interrupted these reflections; then a moment later Doctor Alvarado was introducing O'Reilly to a young woman so completely out of the picture, so utterly the opposite of his preconceived notions, that he was momentarily at a loss. Johnnie found himself looking into a pair of frank gray eyes, and felt his hand seized by a firm, almost masculine grasp. Miss Evans, according to his first dazzling impression, was about the most fetching creature he had ever seen and about the last person by whom any young man could be bored. The girl—and she was a girl—had brought into

the room an electric vitality, a breeziness hard to describe. Altogether she was such a vision of healthy, unaffected and smartly gotten-up young womanhood that O'Reilly could only stammer his acknowledgment of the introduction, inwardly berating himself for his awkwardness.

Alvarado placed an affectionate hand upon Miss Evans' shoulder. "O'Reilly, this girl has done more for Cuba than any of us. She has spent a small fortune for medical supplies," said he.

"Those poor men must live on quinine," the girl exclaimed. "Anyone who can bear to take the stuff ought to have all he wants. I've a perfect passion for giving pills."

O'Reilly liked this girl. He had liked her the instant she favored him with her friendly smile, and so, trusting faithfully to his masculine powers of observation, he tried to analyze her. He could not guess her age, for an expensive ladies' tailor can baffle the most discriminating eye. Certainly, however, she was not old—he had an idea that she would tell him her exact age if he asked her. While he could not call her beautiful, she was something immensely better—she was alive, human, interesting, and interested.

The fact that she did not take her "mission" over-seriously proved that she was also sensible beyond most women. Yes, that was it. Miss Norine Evans was a perfectly sensible, unspoiled young person, who showed the admirable effects of clean living and clean thinking coupled with a normal, sturdy constitution. O'Reilly told himself that here was a girl who could pour tea, nurse a sick man, or throw a baseball.

And she was as good as her promise. She did not interrupt when, during dinner, Alvarado led Johnnie to talk about his latest experience in Cuba, but, on the contrary, her unflagging interest induced O'Reilly to address his talk more often to her than to the doctor. He soon discovered that she understood the Cuban situation as well as or better than he, and that her sym-



"I'm Going Right to the Insurrectos With You."

pathies were keen. She was genuinely moved by the gallant struggle of the Cuban people, and when the dinner was over she exploded a surprise which left both men speechless.

"This settles it with me," she announced. "I'm going right to the Insurrectos with you."

"With me!" O'Reilly could not conceal his lack of enthusiasm. "I don't know that the Junta will take me."

"They will if I ask them. You say the rebels have no hospitals, no nurses—"

"We do the best we can, with our equipment."

"Well, I'll supply better equipment, and I'll handle it myself. I'm in earnest. You shan't stop me."

The physician stirred uneasily. "It's utterly absurd," he expostulated. "Some women might do it, but you're not the sort. You are—pardon me—a most attractive young person. You'd be thrown among rough men."

"Mr. O'Reilly will look out for me. But, for that matter, I can take care of myself. Oh, it's of no use trying to discourage me. I always have my own way; I'm completely spoiled."

"Your family will never consent," O'Reilly ventured; whereupon Miss Evans laughed.

"I haven't such a thing. I'm alone and unincumbered. No girl was ever so fortunate. But wait—I'll settle this whole thing in a minute." She quitted the table, ran to Alvarado's telephone, and called a number.

"She's after Enriquez," groaned the physician. "He's weak; he can't refuse her anything."

"I don't want a woman on my hands," O'Reilly whispered, fiercely.

"Suppose she got sick? Good Lord! I'd have to nurse her." He wiped a sudden moisture from his brow.

"Oh, she won't get sick. She'll probably nurse you—and all the other men. You'll like it, too, and you will all fall in love with her—everybody does—and start fighting among yourselves. There! She has Enriquez. Listen."

Johnnie shivered apprehensively at the directness with which Miss Evans put her request. "You understand, I want to go and see for myself," she was saying. "If you need medicines I'll give them—bushels of the nastiest stuff I can buy. I'll organize a field hospital. . . . Oh, very well, call it a bribe, if you like. Anyhow, I've fully determined to go, and Mr. O'Reilly has volunteered to take care of me. He's charmed with the idea." Miss Evans giggled. "That means you'll have to take him along, too."

There followed a pause during which the two men exchanged dismayed glances.

"She doesn't seem to care what she says," O'Reilly murmured. "But—I'll put a flea in Enriquez' ear."

"Put it in writing, please." There was a wait. "Now read it to me. . . . Good!" Miss Evans fairly purred over the telephone. "Send it to me by messenger right away; that's a dear. I'm at Doctor Alvarado's house, and he's beside himself with joy. Thanks, awfully. You're so nice." A moment, and she was back in the dining room facing her two friends—a picture of triumph. "You have nothing more to say about it," she gloated. "The provisional government of Cuba, through its New York representatives, extends to Miss Norine Evans an invitation to visit its temporary headquarters in the Sierra de—something-or-other, and deems it an honor to have her as its guest so long as she wishes to remain there. Now then, let's celebrate."

She executed a dance step, pirouetted around the room, then plumped herself down into her chair. She rattled her cup and saucer noisily, crying, "Fill them up, Doctor Gloom. Let's drink to Cuba Libre."

Johnnie managed to smile as he raised his demi-tasse. "Here's to my success as a chaperon," said he. "I'm disliked by the Spaniards, and now the Cubans will hate me. I can see happy days ahead."

O'Reilly arose early the next morning and hurried down to the office of the Junta, hoping that he could convince Mr. Enriquez of the folly of allowing Norine Evans to have her way. But his respect for Miss Evans' energy and initiative deepened when, on arriving at 56 New Street, he discovered that she had forestalled him and was even then closeted with the man he had come to see. Johnnie waited uneasily; he was dismayed when the girl finally appeared, with Enriquez in tow, for the man's face was radiant.

"It's all settled," she announced, at sight of O'Reilly. "I've speeded them up."

"You're an early riser," the latter remarked. "I hardly expected—"

Enriquez broke in. "Such enthusiasm! Such ardor! She whirls a person off his feet."

"It seems that the Junta lacks money for another expedition, so I've made up the deficit. We'll be off in a week."

"Really? Then you're actually—going?"

"Of course. Don't be hateful, and argumentative, or I'll begin to think you're a born chaperon," Miss Evans exclaimed. "Come! Make up your mind to endure me. And now you're going to help me buy my tropical outfit."

With a smile and a nod at Enriquez she took O'Reilly's arm and bore him away.

The days of idle waiting that followed were trying, even to one of O'Reilly's philosophical habit of mind. He could learn nothing about the Junta's plans, and, owing to his complete uncertainty, he was unable to get work.

At last there came a message which brought them great joy. Enriquez directed them to be in readiness to leave Jersey City at seven o'clock the following morning. Neither Johnnie nor Leslie Branch slept much that night.

As they waited in the huge, barnlike station Enriquez appeared with Norine Evans upon his arm. The girl's color was high; she was tremulous with excitement. Leslie Branch, who saw her for the first time, emitted a low whistle of surprise.

"Glory be! That goddess!" he cried. When Norine took his bony, bloodless hand in her warm grasp and flashed him her frank, friendly smile, he capitulated instantly.

Enriquez was introducing a newcomer now, one Major Ramos, a square-jawed forceful Cuban, who, it seemed, was to be in command of the expedition.

"My duties end here," Enriquez explained. "Major Ramos will take charge of you, and you must do exactly as he directs. Ask no questions, for he won't answer them. Good-by and good luck."

When he had gone the three Americans followed their new guide through the iron gates.

Major Ramos proved that he knew

how to obey orders even though the other members of his party did not. He remained utterly deaf to Miss Evans' entreaties that he let her know something about the plans of the expedition; he would not even tell her where he was taking her, where the other filibusters had assembled, or from what port their ship would sail. When Philadelphia, Washington, then Baltimore, and finally Richmond were left behind, Miss Evans was, in truth, ready to explode, and her two companions were in a similar frame of mind.

It was not until the train was approaching Charleston that Major Ramos finally announced: "This is the end of our journey; the other members of the expedition are here. But I must ask you not to talk with them or with any strangers, for our friends are being watched by detectives in the employ of the Spanish minister at Washington and by United States deputy marshals. One little indiscretion might ruin everything."

The hotel to which Major Ramos led his guests appeared to be well filled; there were many Cubans in the lobby, and the air was heavy with the aroma of their strong, black cigarettes. As the major entered they turned interested and expectant faces toward him and they eyed his companions with frank curiosity. Miss Evans became the target for more than one warmly admiring glance.

As for O'Reilly, the familiar odor of those Cuban cigarettes, the snatches of Spanish conversation which he overheard, awoke in him a great excitement; he realized with an odd thrill that these eager, dark-visaged men were now his friends and comrades, and that those Americans loitering watchfully among them were his enemies—the spies of whom Ramos had spoken. There were at least a score of the latter, and all were plainly stamped with the distinctive marks of their calling. That they, too, were interested in the latest arrivals was soon made evident by their efforts to get acquainted.

On the next afternoon word was quietly passed to get ready, and the filibusters, carrying their scant hand baggage, began to leave the hotel in groups, followed, of course, by the watchful spies.

As the three Americans prepared for departure Norine whispered: "Listen! Everything is all right. We're not going aboard the Dauntless at all; she's here as a blind."

"Are you sure?" O'Reilly shot her a quick glance.

"Major Ramos himself gave that story to the newspapers; it's all a part of his plan. I promised not to tell, but—I just can't help myself. Gee! I'm having a good time."

Leslie Branch shook his head mournfully. "You may enjoy it, but I don't," he grumbled. "We'll end it by being pinched, and that will finish me. One week in a damp cell, with my lungs—"

O'Reilly, whose spirits had risen magically, clapped him heartily on the back, crying: "Congratulations! You're feeling better."

"I never felt worse!" the other complained.

"Nonsense! That's the first kick you've made since we hit cold weather. By the time we reach Cuba you'll be nice and melancholy and your cough will be all gone."

Ramos led his three charges to the railroad station and into the rear coach of a south-bound train, where the other members of the expedition had already found seats. As they climbed aboard a secret service agent essayed to follow them, but he was stopped by a brakeman, who said:

"You can't ride in here; this is a special car. Some sort of a picnic party. They're 'wops' or Greeks or something."

O'Reilly finds himself back in Cuba only to have his hopes of finding Rosa and Esteban receive another crushing blow. Still he refuses to give up the search. Read about these developments in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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Chesterfield and Voltaire. The fourth earl of Chesterfield was on one occasion at a grand assembly in France where Voltaire was one of the guests. Suddenly the French writer accosted his lordship with the words: "My lord, I know you are a judge. Which are the more beautiful, the English or the French ladies?" "Upon my word," replied Chesterfield, with his usual presence of mind. "I am no judge of paintings."—Argonaut.

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MANY INDIAN PEACE EMBLEMS

Wisconsin Braves Still Retain Numerous Medals Given to Them by Various Governments.

Wisconsin Indians still retain many peace medals that were given to them or their ancestors by various governments, and some of the medals date back to 1720, according to an article on Wisconsin Indian medals in The Wisconsin Archeologist.

The earliest medals owned by Indian families today include one of brass issued at the time of George I, four of silver bearing the bust of George III, an old Spanish medal and four American medals.

A Washington medal is in the possession of an aged Ottawa Indian on the Menominee reservation near Shawano. Philip Nacotee, a Menominee Indian of the South Branch settlement, has a Lincoln medal. A silver medal with the bust of President Polk, dated 1845, was owned by the Menominee chief, Shuinen.

Arthur Gerth, Milwaukee collector, once owned a silver medal issued by President Jefferson. An Andrew Johnson medal is in the collection of A. T. Newman of Bloomer. Dr. Alphonse Gerend is the owner of a silver George III medal, formerly the property of the Wisconsin chief, Waumegassako.

Couldn't Find Peter.

"Borrowing from Peter to pay Paul is bad business," said Mr. Dubwaite. "So it is," replied the impecunious citizen. "In my case I find it exceptionally bad business. 'Why should it be worse for you than anybody else?' 'I have the dickens of a time finding Paul.'"



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